

# THE BLOODESS BATTLES FOR BOOKS OF THE BIBLIOPHILES



**B**ATTLED hosts are spurring over the plain, the master of the lists is calling and the tourney is well under way. Henry of Huntington has not couched lance with any man, but they say that his shield is borne by his squire and that he gives the sinews of war. The day of Preiser's Chronicles came last week—three volumes, thick folio, red morocco. The Bibliophiles Rowmen are taking long shots at everything in sight.

It is a company the like of which men are not likely to look upon often, these buyers of rare books from all over the world who have been foregathered here to bid hundreds of thousands of dollars in the dispersal of the great library of Robert Hoe. The sale was on all last week at the Anderson Galleries, Madison avenue and Fortieth street. When it closes at the end of this week part second of the enormous collection of rare and precious tomes will have been scattered to the uttermost parts of the earth. Part one, which went under the hammer last spring, brought three thousand dollars less than a million into the coffers of the estate, and two more sections are yet to be sold.

The scattering of this literary hoard, the tourneys which are fought over its items, are conducted by trusty warriors, who exchange buffets over leaves and letters. They know the printed books of the olden time from title page to colophon. To them the bound manuscripts, engrossed and illuminated by monkly hands long since mingled with the dust, are treasures for which all should willingly throw down the gage of war.

**Not Bookbuyers They.**

Let none deceive himself with the idea that these gathering hosts are mere book-buyers. Nearly everybody in this country is a buyer of books. The ordinary



THE SHADES OF GROLIER, GUTENBERG, AND ALPUS HEAR OF THE PRICES PAID FOR SOME OF THEIR BOOKS

man acquires books for the purpose of assimilating their contents into his intellectual system. The dyed-in-the-wool bibliophile, the worshipper of the half-bound calf, the vellum idolator, is none of these things. He invests in books because of their rarity, of the associations which they have with the past. A copy of "The Vicar of Wakefield" sold last week for a large sum because in its time it was a discard of the press. A few copies had been printed when it was discovered that on the title page the name of the village in which the guileless clergyman dwelt had been spelled Wakefield.

The press was stopped, the few copies which had been so blunderingly printed were smuggled out into the trade because the printer, being both a publisher and a sinner, did not wish to lose any money. The years pass, fifty, a hundred, and the vigilant eyes in quest of the unusual discover the error. A bibliophile is a man who pays dear for the mistakes of other men after they are dead. It is fine to fall down and give thanks before a first edition, but sweet and proper it is to have the first issue of a first edition with a mistake on the title page. Better still, it is to see the autograph of the poor devil author on the flyleaf with a request for a guinea to hearten him up a bit, so that he can go back again to dig in Grub street. Such works are easily sold for a thousand dollars or so, and the bibliophiles spur into the book lists to duel over the privilege of paying the largest ransoms for these hostages of time.

**Where History Ends.**

There is a thrill in owning the two little books containing the eventful history of the voyage of Telemachus in search of his father when it is known that a French king studied those books



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when a boy under the direction of a royal father and subsequently took them with him to prison. The fingers of the born bibliophile tingle with the enthusiasm which pervades his being when he sees such a gem before him.

To handle the book which was once clasped by the fingers of Oliver Goldsmith—this is fascination. To have one of the seven vellum Bibles printed by Gutenberg is a distinction which makes pulses leap when bibliophiles meet in the

auction jousts.

This is the spirit which fires the zeal of the dealer after the new and the strange in that which is old. It acts also upon the dealers, for they are the representatives of the ardor of the amateur and the

collector. They seek in every quarter that with which they may please and tempt the worshipper of the time stained page and the binding which abides through the centuries. It is the appetency for the tomes of centuries ago which sends the practical and shrewd men of the mart in search of literary treasures.

The lure of the Editio Princeps spreads to every walk of life. It has more bankers and brokers under its spell than can be imagined from watching these men of finance at their daily routine. That is the reason that near Wall street and actually in it are the little shops where precious works are kept waiting for a rising market.

Physicians become infected by the bacillus bibliophile before they realize their danger. They begin by hunting for some old medical book, and the dust which arises from it carries with it the germs of ineradicable mania. They become slaves to the book habit for the rest of their lives, gathering together the tomes of Galen and of the makers of medicine who have long since left this earth.

The bookish yearning is hereditary in many families. It passes from father to son, as it did from Colonel Hoe to Arthur Hoe, who is daily present at the sessions, acquiring here and there some treasured tome whose appeal he cannot resist.

Ancestry and lineage are responsible for many visits to the marts and the auction halls. Many men, as, for example, Dr. E. Elliott, Jr., who is of the line of the early American missionary to the Indians, seek in the catalogue volumes which tell of the deeds of their forefathers.

**Book Scouts of Renown.**

To supply the collector with material for his intellectual joys there has arisen a race of book scouts of renown, who ride hither and thither, filled with the spirit of adventure, seeking treasures worth the trouble of breaking a lance to possess.

This is which accounts for the fact that George D. Smith, who began life as clerk in a publishing house, gathering together a few hundred dollars twenty years ago, is now conducting his career of literary knight errantry. In a single night he invested all his capital and went away with a value full of rusty tomes. In two or three days he had sold them all, and, richer by a thousand dollars profit, started on his adventures in Bookland. He has been a dominant figure ever since. His crest may be seen waving in the field wherever bidder to bidder answers and the auctioneer invites rivals to the parley. He spurs always into the thickest of the fray. His oriflamme is the wink. Winkles over his right eye are appraised at one thousand dollars each.

He is known as the faithful squire of Henry of Huntington, for the reason that he is often the adviser in book buying to a wealthy Californian. With him often appears an ally, a tall man-at-arms, a pursuer of the quaint and curious in the track of literature—Robert Rose. Mr. Rose knows books inside and out, and none can tell better than he when prices run true to form. A quiet and unassuming man is he who has come recently into the ranks of those who scout and battle for the favor of collector and amateur.

**The London Champion.**

"King of Booksellers" has Bernard Quaritch been called for many a year since he succeeded his father of the great London house which bears his name. He has come across the seas in quest of prizes and many thousands of dollars has he already spent in gathering them in, either for the English market or for American clients. Among those whom he serves is one who himself presides over a principality of books, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. In London Mr. Quaritch stores his treasures, all duly assorted in an old residence which gives little evidence of the costly volumes which crowd the shelves in every room.

It is a cosmopolitan assemblage which meets these days in the small theatre in the top of what was once the old Clar-

ence Hyde house and settles by the ordeal of the bid which is worthy to bear the prizes. Deliberate and calm is Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, of Philadelphia, who took a degree so that he might be sure that he knew all the gradations of the qualities of literature. He has for clients many wealthy Philadelphians, for whom he often acts.

On his own account there often appeared in the lists last week Mr. Harry Widener, of Philadelphia, son of Mr. P. A. B. Widener, a discerning amateur, who buys old and rare works and reads them through from cover to cover. There is no greater fallacy than that bibliophiles, although they are chiefly concerned about the venerability and rarity of books, do not read them. Mr. Widener, for instance, is a taxicabbing refutation of it. He can talk of the literary treasures of the past by the hour. He is greatly interested in the literary output of one of the world's greatest periods, the thirteenth century.

Also from Philadelphia is Henry Sessler, who now comes over to New York every business morning, acquires a catch of first editions and is journeying back to the City of Brotherly Love on the midnight flyer laden with spoils of conquest.

Other dealers from beyond the city walls include Walter M. Hill, of Chicago, who represents scores of amateurs of the lake front and frequently startles the East at their bidding.

From beyond the seas are Paul Gottschalk, of Berlin; M. Sondheim, representing the house of Baer & Co., of Frankfurt; A. Eigemann, from Lang, of Rome, all bringing with them orders and commissions or seeking on their own motion to bear back some of the prizes of this field of paper and leather.

By night and day bidding which is to eventually scatter this collection is being rapidly conducted. New York seeks to retain as much as it can, and among those who represent the Knickerbocker bibliophiles are Lathrop Harper, James F. Drake, Frederick W. Morris, E. D. North and many others.

**Master of the Lists.**

For the struggle to obtain the prizes of the tourney it is necessary to have the place of the fray well mapped. This is done under the direction of Major Emory S. Turner, a bibliophile, who left the realms of more prosaic finance to direct the destinies of the mart where the books are sold.

In his tower the trumpeter and official herald, D. R. Kennedy, calls the bids, while down by a little table near the stage is Arthur Swan, whose mind is a repository of all that pertains to books printed in the English language.

**SPECIAL NOTICES.**

**FAT FOLKS FAVOR**

Home Mixture That Takes Off the Fat Rapidly Is Harmless in Hot or Cold Weather—Causes No Wrinkles—No Stomach Hiss and Requires Neither Dieting Nor Exercise.

Too much fat is both uncomfortable and dangerous, especially in summer, but usually fleshy people prefer to put up with its inconvenience rather than punish themselves with the disagreeable usually prescribed, or endanger their health by taking the so-called "cures" and patent fat "reducers" that depress or overtax the heart.

This self-sacrifice of comfort and health to overabundant fat is entirely unnecessary, however, as Mrs. Luella Bigger tells us there is a home recipe that is far superior in every way to anything money will buy for reducing superfluous flesh. It is said this simple mixture will take the fat off men or women at the rate of at least a couple of pounds a week without even causing wrinkles. Moreover, it does not disturb the stomach, but is a good thing for the system, clearing away pimples, and, best of all, it does not interfere with the diet. You can use it and at the same time eat whatever you like. This recipe is as follows:—4 ounces Blaud's, 14 ounce Pure Extract Chamois Armoise and 24 ounce of Peppermint Water. Get these ingredients at any drug store, mix them together at home and take one teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

Mrs. Bigger, as is well known, is a famous beauty expert, and whatever she recommends is sure to be found eminently satisfactory.

## In the Frozen North a New Race of People Have Been Discovered



**N**EW people of the North, who have never before been seen by white men, are introduced for the first time to the civilization of the temperate zone through a combination of photographs which were received yesterday at the American Museum of Natural History.

These records of tribes never before classified and of races hitherto unknown to ethnology come from the Arctic expedition of the museum, which since 1908 has been exploring the barren lands and the distant icebound straits. For the first time in their lives the new peoples have faced the camera, and it may be for the last, as far as these individuals are concerned who are seen through negatives developed on board the schooner Teddy Bear, far North in the regions where stretch the endless wastes of snow and ice.

The expedition is in charge of Dr. R. M. Anderson and Mr. V. Stefansson, both experienced explorers, who have studied the habits of strange tribes and peoples in latitudes where chill winds blow and ice packs on the wind swept tides. The tribes which they have visited are in the Copper Mine River territory. They pushed still further toward the pole and came in contact with the most mysterious race of all Eskimos, with blond hair, long beards and strange facial variations, reputed descendants of survivors of the lost expedition of Sir John Franklin.

The sheaves of letters accompanying the photographs tell of a simple people of strange manners and of customs which start the philosopher thinking on the origin of these strange tribes.

The explorers came into contact with several tribes in the neighborhood of Cape Carey, and in the middle of Dolphin and Nelson straits they met a charming and curious race. One of their guides started the greetings wrong by approaching the party with his hands at his side and was nearly knifed for so doing. The Eskimos in that region extend their hands in front of them as a peace signal and carrying one hand at the side is interpreted as a gesture of defiance. They proved to be the Akulakattagniluts.

Neither they nor any of their forefathers as far as they knew had ever seen a white man, an Indian or an Eskimo from the west. They believed by tradition, however, that the Indians were very bad, that the Eskimos of the west were none too estimable, and that the white men, the Kahlumut, as they called them, were good. They had never seen a white man, however, and did not know that the explorers were such, although they were wearing beards. This surprised the scientists, for they had not heard at that time of the mysterious blond and bearded Eskimos to the north with a shadowy lineage going back to the ill-fated voyage to the north.

The territory in which these people live is designated as uninhabited on the maps. The isolation of this people has been complete according to the letters from the explorers which are to appear in the forthcoming number of the bulletin of the museum. Owing to their lack of contact with civilization these Eskimos of the intermediate name are a primitive race of men. The explorers declare that all the best qualities of the so called civilized Eskimos are found more fully among these uncivilized brethren.

The Akulakattagniluts make rather better camps than most of the Eskimos, and have tents of skins which they raise over the foundations made of blocks of snow and ice. They are all expert fishermen and delight in catching the Arctic trout, which they find in the lakes and rivers.

The natives were especially fond of a game which is generally associated with balmy days of spring and summer in water. This comes from a belief which has come down through generations, when cooking was done in shallow stone pots, where as the pieces of meat were seldom more than half covered they were frequently turned over.

The explorers were especially impressed with the race known as the Hancramluts, found in Victoria Land, north of Cape Bexley. There were only forty of them, of whom seventeen had light hair. An Alaskan Eskimo who had worked on whaling vessels said of them:—"They are Eskimos, they fo'c'sle men." Two of them had full chin boards, which were light, shading to red, and every one had light eyebrows. One of them, the darkest of all, had curly hair. One theory is that these men were descended from a colony which came from Greenland.

"Again," to quote from the letters of the scientists, "in the forties of the last century Franklin's expedition with its full complement of men was lost near Victoria Land. Some of these men are accounted for by journal entries of officers who themselves perished later, and others by graves and unburied skeletons along the route toward Black's River. Franklin's men must have known that there was a boat route to the Hudson Bay Company posts on the Mackenzie River, for Franklin's time, that route was discovered and mapped it by boat voyage. It is not unlikely, then, that some of his men attempted this route. And even if they did not, a few of his men may have found their way to the Eskimos of Victoria Land and have had sufficient adaptability to learn Eskimo methods of self support.

One of the evidences of this is a name Neek, which is believed to be a thin disguise for the English "Neck," and is about as near as the swarthy brother in skins can pronounce the civilized cognomen.

The explorers are shipping great quantities of material showing the customs of these people, and are making many notes and studies which will be of service in solving the identity of these denizens of the frozen North, for the first time introduced to the notice of the civilized world.

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